

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 13, NO. 9.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, E. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, C. E. Beard,
(A. Barlow).
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel,
J. C. Arbogast.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H.
Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,
Dunmore; G. E. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Bellly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

In speaking of the country press the *Richmond Dispatch* says: "In this connection we would bespeak for the Virginia country newspaper in every section of the State the hearty and liberal support of the people of its section. The country press bears a relation to the people and the interests of its neighborhood that no outside paper can supply. If a local newspaper is not what it ought to be, the chances are that the fault is not with the editors or proprietors, but with the people of the locality, who have it in their power to make it what it ought to be, by according it proper and generous support. The ambition to get out a good, live paper is as strong in the country newspaper-man as it is in the city newspaper-man, and that ambition will in the majority of cases compel him to furnish the very best newspaper the business will justify. Another important point people should consider in connection with their duty of sustaining their local newspapers is that strangers judge largely of the thrift, prosperity, intelligence, and cultivation of a community by the appearance its paper presents. Many a home-seeker has in a great measure been influenced to settle in a certain neighborhood because the local paper reflected in its prosperity, a prosperous and cultivated community."

Historically Speaking.

The Reverend William T. Price, of Marlinton, West Virginia, is doing a work in his country, in the matter of collecting and publishing personal history, which is most commendable. In almost every issue of the *Pocahontas Times* there appears, in the initials "W. T. P.," a sketch of this sort which we read with deep interest. These sketches are from notes made by this learned gentleman as occasion offered, and they cannot be prized too highly. We trust that the good people of Pocahontas will encourage and aid him in this work, as they can do, by furnishing him data. It is very hard for one man, unaided, to gather these facts, and it requires no little time to edit them. We sometimes think very lightly of such things, and are too much inclined to let the dead pass by its dead, and live alone in this work-a-day present. But we should remember that along this Western Virginia—the Scotch-Irish worked out a vast problem and wrought a vast change in the existing form of government; that they made history and played no small or mean part in life's great stage;—that the simple lives they led nurtured men to whom we are indebted for countless blessings, and that no incident of their lives is too small or insignificant to be recorded. Only by recess to such sketches as those published by Mr. Price can the coming historian gather truthfully the material from which to write. When Green, the great English historian, wrote his immortal work—it was not to set forth the deeds of the Kings, or the deeds of the members of the royal household. He wrote what he fondly calls a "History of the English People."—*Bath News*.

DES MOINS saloons are advertising to sell two glasses of beer for a nickel. That is the most open bid for the national convention that has yet come to light.—*Winona Herald*.

SECRETARY MORTON'S entomological department might render some appreciative service by doing something to check the ravages of the Presidential bee.—*Washington Star*.

WINKS: "Well, I'll sell you my seat in the Stock Exchange for \$10,000."

JINKS: "Huh! I can get a seat in Congress for half that."—*New York Weekly*.

It is rumored that there is a movement afoot to start a new secret society called "The Amalgamated Association of Unmitigated Asses."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE Chinese must not go, but must come to terms.—*Mail and Express*.

One of Those Watering Places.

Once I found myself between the wall and a company of engaged individuals, consisting of two girls, two of whom had been to Webster Springs, and the other to some sulphur springs, (I forget whether they were white or colored springs); when a discussion, which threatened to become violent at any moment, arose as to the superiority of these two watering places. When it got to their inner consciousness that I knew neither of these places, and that I might have scruples against being bored to distraction hearing about them—and never saying a word, they hardly knew what to do about it, but at last they agreed that I should be umpire and that I should decide at the end of the discussion which of these places should be recommended to the Chinese Emperor when he visits this country next summer.

I did not find my responsible position very amusing. The contest was too unequal. The sulphur girls had all along determined to do the Webster ones, and it did not require long for my practiced eye, or ears rather, to discover that these girls were grand prevaricators, with a lively contempt for the real state of those springs. In this way they made about seven points to Webster's one. I was in a quandary. I was wondering if I could retain my place as umpire if I gave Webster girls a hint that they were adhering too closely to the facts of their spring. (I suppose they were facts, sounded like facts) and that if they didn't allow their imaginations full scope, those other girls did, I should be obliged to decide against them, when a surprise took place.

All the girls got mad, and, leaving the springs to do their own advertising, went into personalities hurling anathemas at each other with an unflinching aim that scared me. I was afraid it would require a more substantial umpire than I was to quell that riot, but I thought I would see, so I rushed in and threw oil on those troubled watering places by the gentle means of telling them about a watering place I used to go "a-vistin' to."

When I was a small girl. A curious sound, a choice-blending of a sigh and a moan, came from those girls when they saw the quiet umpire whom, I suppose they thought was asleep, "walk off with the cheese" in this artful regions manner, but I took no notice of their groans, and went on to tell. These springs I knew were in the same sort of mountains as those others which I had been umpiring, but they were in another State.

There were two rows of cottages built half-way up the side of a lofty ridge, with a hotel at top and bottom. This formed a hollow square in the centre of which was a mineral spring, with a smell that went beyond the skies and back. That was the watering place, for which every year some fourteen dozen people and their families left the hot haunts of civilization and went up to what I imagine was the steepest place in the Appalachian System. So steep was it that the inhabitants ought to have lived in a state of perpetual warfare over a little way in fashion of decorating each others' house-tops with tin cans and chicken feathers, and an awful habit of throwing water and things down chimneys.

But being up so high, so near where heaven is said to be, folks were afraid to make a fuss. Surely some influence like this must have been felt, when one old woman, with a notoriously bad temper, who made up her fire fourteen times one morning, having had it

put out thirteen times by people above throwing things on it, and when someone asked how she felt, said she felt "better than she had for a year!"

A kind lady would take my chum and me up there every year to get well. Here, with dozens of health seekers, we would amuse ourselves the summer days away.

Most every sort of diseased person came up there, but the greater part of them were dyspeptics. These are not particularly cheerful folk, but there was one comic old dyspeptic, a jolly old fellow who used to drift up there every summer, with a complexion that would make a ripe tomato look green. This old man was always accompanied by a marvelous object built of wood and other things, all creases and folds, which he informed us was an accordion that made "angel music." This mournful thing had charms for children equal to the famous pipe of the Pied Piper, and whenever its agonizing strains were heard, a mob of children would gather around him.

Sometimes he would give us what he called a "Liquid Lecture." He'd say, with a beseeching drawl, "Now you little girls and boys, don't you all drink too much of this water. When you drink too many things, people say you can see snakes, then they say 'don't drink anything but water,' but I'll tell you water-snakes are just as disagreeable to the nerves as the other sort, and every bit as dangerous," and then he would burst forth in an "all-aboard" voice, into song, pulling that elastic accordion out to the last notch with "When the roses come in a chain."

Before the last wail had died away we'd shriek for a repetition. He repeated until one day the accordion burst with a loud report, and the air rushed out and almost took our breath away. We regretted the loss of the "accorjon" but there was a very musical young man up there, and he filled up the gap the accordion left.

This young man had a cruel black mustache, and was very disagreeable sometimes. His mother and relations used to say how handsome and smart was he, and this childish memory he cherished. But he could sing. My! he could sing "In the Gloaming" and every other time of day as well. Whenever he sung the kitchen maids and house girls would swarm around, for he had a great way with these. Then he'd sing of Annie Rooney," and of "Mike McFadden's Ball," "That is Love," and "The Picture With Its Face Turned to the Wall," and others. A tragedy well-nigh came out of all this.

One day a lovely girl came to the springs, and this young man surrendered immediately to her charms. He stopped singing the woes of McFadden's ball, and sang "Thou Hast Learned to Love Another," changing the "thous" and "theys" and "he's" of that song into "I's" and "we's" and "she's" to suit his case.

When "Marthy," the cook, who was young, and so cross-eyed that when she cried the tears ran into her ears, heard this mournful, hopeless, rainy, sort of song, she was sad, and determined to end it all. She rushed away to throw herself over a precipice, but she didn't throw straight. I suppose she couldn't see to aim in the dark and fell into some bushes and rocks and broke several things, an arm, and collar-bone, and about half her ribs. They found her all but dead, but she pulled through.

Our hostess was telling my chum and me about it at breakfast. "But," said we, "why did she go floundering off into the darkness

that way?" "Oh!" says the lady, looking hard at us, "that is love." "Is it?" says I, with a shudder, as I thought of "Marthy's" mangled ribs. My chum had an awed expression on her face.

When the days are fine and dry you think you could stay forever at some watering place, but "desolation sweeps over the plain" when the "winds begin to blow and the people begin to go." You rejoice to get away, with the summer fled, the invalids dead, the watering place deserted.

AN APPEAL.

To All the Confederate Soldiers in Bath County.

The following is equally applicable to the veterans who are read of this paper:

(*Bath News*.)
I earnestly request that you and each of you write out at your very earliest moment a statement of the services you rendered during the civil war, and send or hand it to me. That you state when you enlisted; under what officers, where you were marched to; what battles, if any, you were in; what prisons you were imprisoned in and for how long, and the kind of treatment you had. In fact, give a short story of your life in the war. Please send this statement to me, as I want it for use at some future time. All of you who will bring it to me, I will attach your affidavit to it without charge. This statement will be valued by your descendants hereafter, and it will be preserved.
Yours sincerely,
J. T. McALLISTER,
Warm Springs, Va.

"THERE" is no doubt that the woman who wants to climb up the ladder of fame can get up a good

new girl graduated. He took his bride to be. And now he is despairing, for his meals On chemical formulas. (she is preparing —*Philadelphia Press*.)

"WHAT does this 'New Woman' talk mean, John?"

"Hit means, Maria," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it; an' when you sharpen the ax, you kin sail in to a dozen cords o' wood, an' I'll have supper a-bilin' when you git home."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

It is getting so that one meets a full-grown woman and takes her for a young boy in knee-pants.—*Dallas News*.

REPORTS from Kansas indicate that the Populist Party has got lost in the tall corn which covers that state.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Since Mr. Cleveland has quit fishing and gone back to work he ceases to find life "one grand sweet song."

THEY are all out of politics, but toward '96 a great cry will go up—and the cat came back.—*Age-Herald*.

Notice.

Prof. Phil. Knapp, the optician, will be at the hotel at each of the following places, on the date given. Eyes carefully examined, free of charge, and glasses accurately suited.

Prof. Knapp Comes highly recommended by the professional and business men of Staunton, Virginia and Charleston, West Virginia. See bills at
Hillsboro, Sept. 26-27.
Huntersville, " 28-30.
Marlinton, Oct. 1.
Edray, " 2.
Dunmore, " 3.
Green-Bank, " 4.
Traveler's Repose, " 5.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RECEIVE SEALED BIDS UNTIL noon, October 1, 1895, for a janitor, whose duty it shall be to take care of the new court-house at Marlinton, and to have the same kept clean and comfortable.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
S. L. BROWN, Clerk County Court

R. E. Overholt & Son's AUCTION, advertised for September 20 and 21, is postponed until October 11 and 12.

BRING your JOB WORK to this office. Neat styles.

The Good Samaritan.

"God save me from my friends" is an old and hackneyed expression and yet methinks it is not always true; and there are times when the "cheery voice of a pal" and the iron grasp of a mate, refresh the soul as nothing else can in this wide and wicked world! Such, at any rate are the "centipedes" of a luckless traveler—worn, and worn and stained—whose "business" recently was of such urgent importance that it compelled him to saddle up his full blooded mare, and ride in hot haste in the wee small hours of the night, as if the Sheriff was hot upon his track. Alas! "the plans of mice and men gang oft agley"—however well and carefully they may be laid—and the high-mettled steed fell lame; the steep sides of Elk had been spanned. A dead lame mare, and five miles from anywhere is not an enchanting prospect, but the sojourner trudged on nothing daunted. "Eheu! whence these tears!" for before a mile had been traversed, the foot-sore traveler met the "Good Samaritan", who also does a bit of night work occasionally. The Good Samaritan promptly led forth a worthy paterfamilias (who was nursing the baby, tramp! tramp! tramp!) who kindly fixed up the mare and then the "G. S." in his kindness of heart placed the sojourner on his own horse, and put his own coat on his back, and took him to his own home, where he commanded his faithful, jet-black retainer to yoke up his best team of "flyaways", and straightway the gay bachelors drove off some twenty odd miles, awakening the echoes with merry song and halloo, finally putting a finishing touch upon the night's daring escapade with a roaring fine break at Silas Sharp's—that abode beloved of all men.

The parable should read thus:

1. A certain "Spwort" rode down by night in hot haste from Mingo to Marlinton, and fell among thieves upon Elk Mountain which stripped him of his raiment, and stole his saddle pockets and silver spurs, and departed leaving him half dead, with his full blooded mare dead lame.

2. And by chance there came down a certain Preacher that way and when he saw him he passed by on the other side with his buggy.

3. And likewise a fat Drummer when he was at the place, came and looked on him, expeccorated, and passed by on the other side in his sulky.

4. But a certain gay Liveryman as he journeyed a horse-back in the "wee sma' hours" of the night came where he was and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and wept copious, crocodile tears.

5. And went to him, offered him a "big drink" and summoned the Edray Doctor, who bound up his wounds, and fixed up his jaded mare. Then the gay Livery man set him on his own beast, and wrapped his own weather-beaten coat around him, and brought him to "Wild Cat Cottage," and took care of him.

6. And in the gray dawn the Livery-man and the Spwort departed in a two-horse rig, the "Bogus Squire" (himself afflicted with a dire disease) took out two pence and gave them to the "Horsey Host," and said unto him, "Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I return from Lewisburg, I will repay thee."

7. Then the swarthy African Retainer replied, "It will be done."

8. Which of these three, gentle reader, thinkest thou, was neighbor to him that fell among thieves and crippled his mare over the Elk rocks.

9. And the Hospitable Folk of Pocahontas County shouted with one loud voice, "He that shewed mercy on him!" Then quoth the genial editor, "Go, and do thou likewise!"

"Yes, brothers and sisters," said the Western minister, in the course of the funeral sermon, "our dear brother has gone to the land where all things are known—even the truth about the coinage question, perhaps."—*Indianapolis Tribune*.